Glo. Tuſh, that was in the rage:
Speake it againe, and euen with the word,
That hand which for thy Loue did kill thy Loue,
Shall for thy loue, kill a farre truer loue,
To both their deaths thou ſhalt by acceſſarie.
La. I would I knew thy heart.
Glo. Tis figured in my tongue.
La. I feare me both are falſe.
Glo. Then neuer man was true.
La. Well, well, put vp your ſword.
Glo. Say then my peace is made.
La. That ſhall you know hereafter.
Glo. But I ſhall liue in hope.
La. All men I hope liue ſo.
Glo. Vouchſafe to weare this ring.
La. To take, is not to giue.
Glo. Looke how this ring incompaſſeth thy finger,
Euen ſo thy breſt incloſeth me poore heart.
Were both of them, for both of them are thine.
And if thy poore ſuppliant may
But beg on fauour at thy gracious hand,
Thou doeſt confirme his happineſſe for euer.
La. What is it?
Glo. That it would pleaſe thee leaue theſe ſad deſignes
To him that hath more cauſe to be a mourner,
And preſently repaire to Crosbie place,
Where, after I haue ſolemnely enterred
At Chertſie Monaſterie this noble King,
And wet his graue with my repentant teares,
I will with al expedient dutie ſee you:
For diuers vnknowne reaſons, I beſeech you
Graunt me this boone.
La. With al my heart, & much it ioyes me too,
To ſee you are become ſo penitent:
Treſſill and Bartly, goe along with me.
Glo. Bid me farewell.
La. Tis more then you deſerue:
But ſince you teach me how to flatter you,
Imagine I haue ſaid farewell alreadie. *Exit.*

Glo. Sirs, take vp the courſe.
Ser. Towards Chertſie noble Lo
Glo. No: to white Fryers: there a
Was euer woman in this humour w
Was euer woman in this humour w
Ile haue her, but I will not keepe he
What I that kild her husband and
To take her in her hearts extreame
With curſes in her mouth, teares i
The bleeding witneſſe of her hatre
Hauing God, her conſcience, and
And I nothing to backe my ſuite w
But the plaine Diuell and diſſembl
And yett to win her all the world t
Hath ſhe forgot already that braue
Edward, her Lord, Whome I ſome
Stabd in my angry mood at Tewx
A ſweeter and a louelier gentleman
Framd in the prodigalitie of nature
Yong, valiant, wiſe, and no doubt r
The ſpacious world cannot againe
And will ſhe yet debaſe her eyes on
That cropt the golden prime of th
And made her widdow to a woefull
On me, whoſe al not equals Edwa
On me that halt, and am vnſhapen
My Dukedome to be a beggerly d
I doe miſtake my perſon all this w
Vpon my life ſhe finds, although I
My ſelfe, to be a maruailous prop
Ile be at charges for a Looking-gl
And entertaine ſome ſcore or two
To ſtudie faſhions to adore my bo
Since I am crept in fauour with my
I will maintaine it with a little coſt.
But firſt ile turne you fellow in his
And then return lamenting to m
Shine our faire ſunne, till I haue b
That I may ſee my ſhaddow as I p

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